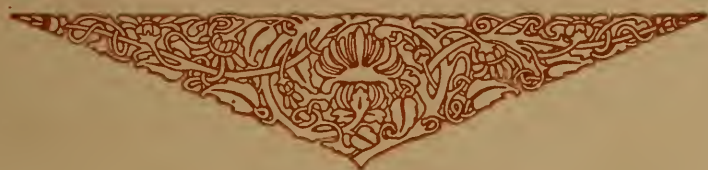


# THE ARCHON

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## Dummer Academy



February Number  
1908



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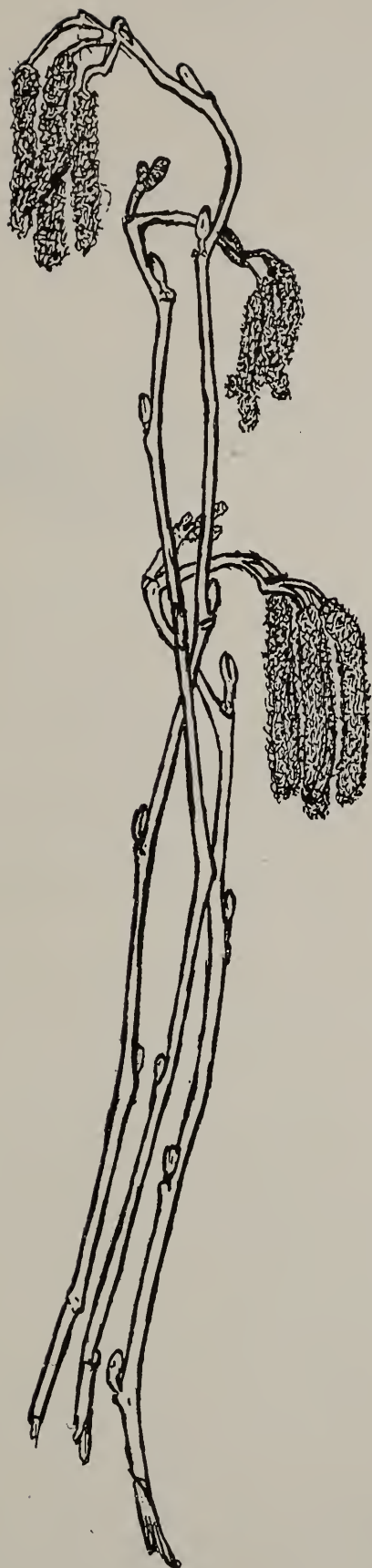
*Red Top*

*Snuff*



BYFIELD,

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## Contents



### LITERARY

Suchien . . . . .	5
Black Kettle's Last Fight	7
Rush for the Gold Fields	7
At the House Party .	8
An Evening with Whittier	11

EDITORIALS	12
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LOCALS	14
--------	----

ATHLETICS	16
-----------	----

SOCIAL	18
--------	----

ALUMNI	19
--------	----

EXCHANGES	20
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# THE ARCHON

Published Monthly in the Interest of the  
Students of Dummer Academy

Vol. 2—New Series

FEBRUARY-MARCH, 1908.

No. 2-3



*For the following vivid and interesting sketch of Chinese life and manners we are indebted to a Dummer graduate, Mr. Wesselhoft, '01, who, though now in the far east and engrossed with the interests of the General Electric Company, finds time to show his interest in the school and the paper in a way we deeply appreciate.—The Editors.*

## SUCHIEN.

NORTH KIANGSU.

### CONTEMPORARY CHINA.

Itinerating in North Kiangsu is not without its excitement. To one used to the rush and bustle of the West a wheelbarrow is tedious. The limitless plains add to the monotony. Yet to one whose eyes and ears are open, it is far from humdrum. The following incidents which came under the writer's eye, within less than two days, will illustrate this point:—

It was the dark of the moon. Unusually robbers and thieves observe the rule, "Steal in the rain, and not in the moon-shine. Steal in the wind, and not when the snow falls."

We left Suining early on a crisp December morning. The hoar frost had woven lace on all the leaves and twigs in sight. A string of twenty heavy barrows was pushing southward, trundled by steaming, sturdy, Shantung men. The still cold air was rent in a million rippling quivers by the screeching, wooden axles. For "The barrow that doesn't sing, Who wants such a heavy thing?" They carried only some hundreds of pounds of fruit, yet they carried arms. Further on the persistent firing of guns made us ask the cause. "O! it is only the Wang family trying to gather the clans for a fight." "What is the cause this time?" "One of the parties got a bowl of honey that the other claimed." "They will not get up a battle. Some one will be sure to take up a compromise," said a neighbor. And so it will end, unless some drunken member gets a chance shot at the foe; when the case will be complicated.

We passed close by the Secret Society man, Hu's place; where the magistrate had been the day before and confiscated his goods and firearms. He escaped, though there is a reward offered for him. After a

40-3-14

day at a large fair, with nerves worn to a frazzle, we sought rest at Chichiaweitsi. It is a small place, and the inns were crowded full of beancake barrows. We would have had to sleep within three feet of the mill donkey, but for a friend, who found an empty storeroom for us. At nine o'clock many guns were fired. It meant that a widow had been carried off under heavy escort. If she could be captured that night she would have to go as the captor's wife, and he would not have to pay anything for her. Though we heard stories to the contrary, it seems that she was escorted safely away. At midnight a man ran shouting by our door: "Where is the wretch that stole my sweet-potatoes? The villainous blackguard, etc., etc."—Till he grew too hoarse to be heard.

We were up and off to the market early and had hardly arrived there before a crowd of yamen runners brought a man into the inn charged with buying a stolen cow. The prisoner's friends armed with dirks and clubs, came in a crowd and tried to free him. A scuffle ensued and they fought into our room. Finally the guard prevailed and drove the rescuers out. The scene was an animated one, to say the least. For as the men were driven out, barrows, benches, and cloth-stands were overturned. The runners were behind frailing the crowd recklessly with shovels and poles. The runners had several ugly cuts, but no fatal injuries.

So it goes on daily, riot in the daytime and robbery at night. We hear of it everywhere. There is much more of it than during the famine.

The reason is that the prices this year are nearly famine prices and while the harvest was splendid, many men had no lands and so are

desperate. Their neighbor's goods, however, tempt them. The people are cheerful and take these things as a matter of course. The anxiety that would dry the fountain of our life's joys seems to sit lightly on them.

#### INDIFFERENCE TO HUMAN LIFE.

A gruesome incident that has just come under our observation may well be appended here. It illustrates the cause of most of this recklessness. It also shows the ability of the people to govern themselves.

Two brothers, who lived in a hamlet of six houses, had a quarrel. They were in desperate straits for food. It was during the famine. The father's coffin was sold by the elder brother. He had promised to give the younger brother part of the money.

That night they were robbed of all their money. And what little clothes they had were stolen the next night. The younger brother was overcome with disappointment and his passion found vent in anger against his older brother.

Taking him unawares, he chopped his head off with a sharp meat-knife. My informant, the dead man's brother-in-law was called immediately. He followed him into the house and pinioned his arms. The women of the house kept the murderer under guard all night. The local headsmen planned to settle the case. It was too costly to allow it to go to the courts. So the father and "elders" determined to bury the murderer alive. They dug a grave and proposed to bind the culprit and push him on a barrow to the hole. His father came to him and told him of their intention. He answered that it was a just sentence. He would not allow himself to be tied, but he walked out to the



grave. His weeping father told him to get in. He feared the grave was too short till they measured him with the shovel. He got in and asked to have his arms straightened out and his felt hat put over his mouth. This they did and filled in the grave.

---

### BLACK-KETTLE'S LAST FIGHT.

---

A fierce snow-storm raged over Camp Supply, when orders came to saddle up. The troopers obeyed grumblingly and set out. For three days the cavalrymen followed hard on the trail of Black-Kettle. On the third night they approached Washita Creek. As the night settled down the trail became harder and harder to follow until at last Black-Beaver and his scouts dismounted and followed the trail by feeling the tracks in the snow.

Part of the troopers had been left on the Canadian River to guard the supply wagons, and there were only about a hundred and fifty men in the party beside the scouts. As morning approached, the little party knew by the trail that they were near the end of their journey. At about two o'clock a party of men were sent ahead to reconnoiter. They were gone for about half an hour, and then they returned. They had found the encampment of Black-Kettle's band. He was camped close to the Washita, under the edge of a hill.

The company divided, half went around to the side of the camp facing the creek, the other half went around back of the hill. The plan was for the two divisions to attack at the same time, but the party which had gone around back of the hill had the hardest route and because of this was a little late.

Day was just breaking as the first

division charged into the lower end of the camp at the side next the creek. The braves rushed from their tents, fired a hasty volley and fled up the hill as the troopers returned it. Where was the second division? What had happened were the questions everyone was asking. Already the fleeing braves had reached the brow of the hill and in another moment they would be out of reach. Crash! The whole top of the hill was lighted with the red flashes of carbines. The second division was on hand. Back rushed the braves into their camp only to be charged by the first division. Long and well they fought, but it was useless. At least half their number had been killed at the top of the hill. Black-Kettle saw that all was lost and called his wife to him, mounted her on his horse behind him and attempted to escape. He crossed the Washita and almost succeeded in getting away, but two troopers who were just crossing the creek saw him, one wheeled and fired; the ball sped true, and both Black-Kettle and his wife were killed by the same bullet. Hardly a brave escaped; one young brave was taken prisoner and rode twenty miles before the troopers found that he was shot through both hips. In the fight among the tents, Capt. Hamilton lost his life. A squaw shot him through the heart, but his horse carried him almost a hundred yards before he fell from his saddle, so firmly was he seated.

The troopers burned the whole camp, tents, saddles, and everything. The whole tribe was "wiped out."

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### RUSH FOR THE GOLD FIELDS

---

At the time of the big gold craze, Frank and I were in Tacoma. One day an old trapper came to the house

where we lived and told us about a great find that he had made north of the White River. He was an old friend of ours, and he wanted us to have a share in it. He was out of money, and said that if we would fit him out he would show us where it was. You may guess that we were not long in accepting his offer, and the next day saw us on board a steamer bound north. After a rough passage, we reached harbor and began our trip inland.

We went up over the Chilcoot and across "Crater Lake," and into Dawson. Here we bought dog teams and grub, then we set out on our long, hard journey.

The first two days we had fine weather and made good time, but on the third day we ran into a big snow storm, and how the wind blew! I never saw it snow so hard. We drove the dogs into the shelter of a great rock, and here passed half a day and a night.

The next morning the storm lifted and we continued on our way.

After two days travel we reached the neighborhood of the White River, and here I saw one of the most beautiful sights that I have ever seen.

It was the sixth night out, and we decided to travel late into the night. It did not grow dark but a sort of green light shown all over the surrounding hills. In the northeast the horizon glowing in a pale green and suddenly a long stream of light shooting up from it reached almost over head and then sank back. The dogs grew restless and the leader on Frank's team uttered a most doleful howl. Another streamer shot up, almost bridged the heavens, and sank back. A third followed it and this time arched all the way across, and hung flashing and glowing all the colors of the rain-bow. All the dogs with

one accord set up the most doleful and hair-raising howls that I have ever heard, but we could not stop to admire the scenery and we drove on.

At last we reached the spot where the old trapper's cabin was situated. As soon as we got settled, we set out for the little stream where the trappers had found the gold. We cleared away the snow and built a great fire, and as soon as the ground began to thaw, we scraped up a pan full of the dirt. In this was a small black looking rock. I took this and struck it with my pick, it left a small dent in it which showed yellow; it was gold. We staked out our claims and set to work.

On day another hunter came to our camp, but left shortly. A week passed and one morning the miners began to pour in, until a few days later the stream banks, and neighboring hills were covered with camps. But our claims were the richest that were on the stream.

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#### "AT THE HOUSE PARTY."

---

Thomas Wadson closed his desk with a bang, and looking at his watch, picked up his suit case and left the office. As he entered the elevator some one said, "Hello Wadson, off on a trip?" and upon looking up he perceived his old classmate, Bartlett, and said, "Why, hello Jim, what are you doing here?" and seeing his friend's suit case added, "You look as though you were off on a little trip also."

"Yes, I am going up to 'The Poplars,' on the Hudson for two weeks, up to Mac's place, a sort of house party, I believe."

"Why, that is great," said Wadson, "that is where I am going also," and with that they left the elevator, and upon reaching the

street, hailed a cab and drove to the station, catching the 5.41 train for Waverly.

During the ride they discussed old college days and Princeton's chances against Yale that fall. Both were Princeton graduates and were loyal to their college.

When they reached the station, McPherson, himself met them and the three started off in their host's big touring car. Upon reaching the house they found all the guests had arrived, and were hurried off to dress for dinner.

Wadson having asked of his valet, who the other guests were learned that besides Bartlett and himself, there were three other gentlemen, all of whom had been his classmates and five young ladies among them, a Miss Dayton, while the names of the other young ladies the valet did not know. After dismissing the man, Wadson lighted a cigarette and sat down to think. Could it possibly be Grace Dayton, the same Grace he had known in his boyhood days. Throwing his cigarette away, he descended the stairs as though in a trance; he wandered aimlessly about and finally entered the sitting room.

There before the fire she sat, the same Grace of old, only a great deal more beautiful. He entered the room and on hearing footsteps, Miss Dayton turned, and seeing him arose and almost rushed to meet him. She gave him both hands and the one word "Tom!" escaped her lips, while all he could say was "Grace."

They stood thus for a little while, and then Grace was the first to recover herself, and said, "O, but it is good to see you again, Tom!" At which he squeezed her hand and replied:

"Yes, dear, it is good," at this she withdrew her hands, and

resumed her seat in front of the fire, motioned him to sit down beside her. They talked until dinner, and after dinner walked around the grounds and finally decided to sit on the stone wall at the gate for a while.

As this was their first meeting for two years, there were naturally quite a number of things for them to talk about, as old times, what each had done during the past two years, and so the evening passed until when they returned to the house it was nearly twelve o'clock. They parted, Miss Dayton retiring, while Wadson sat a long while and smoked.

He wondered whether the love which had existed between them two years ago, could ever return. Yes, he thought it could. Grace evidently liked him still, and yes, he found himself compelled to admit that he liked her a great deal. He wondered whether that great liking was love or not.

With these thoughts foremost in his mind he went to bed and soon fell asleep.

The weather for the next few days was fair, and there were long gallops with Grace in the morning, drives in the afternoon, in fact whenever they could escape the other guests there were pleasant strolls in the evening, and so the first few days passed.

Wadson often wondered if this were a pleasant dream, or if it were really true, and finally decided that it must be true. He wondered how long it would last. He often sat and thought, and tried to convince himself whether or not Grace remembered their last meeting, or rather their parting, when he had been called to England to the bedside of his invalid mother. It had been a sad parting, and he had told Grace he loved her, he re-



membered with a thrill of pleasure, how glad she seemed to be when he promised he would return for her. Yes, he had returned about a year ago, with the intention of making her his wife, but she had left the country and he had been unable to locate her, try as he might, when there had come this chance meeting at Mac's, dear old "Mac." It certainly was good of "Mac" to have asked him; he hoped he would some day be able to return the favor.

The next day, which happened to be Saturday, found the whole house astir very early, as all were going to ride on horse back to Fair View, a small summer resort on the sea coast, about ten miles distance, to spend the day.

As it was very late in the season, the place would very likely be deserted and they would have the whole resort to themselves.

McPherson had already made arrangements with the proprietor of the hotel for an extensive dinner and breakfast for his guests, and so when they arrived they found a hearty breakfast awaiting them.

After breakfast most of the company separated into couples and wandered about the small resort, while others remained at the hotel and played Bridge.

Wadson and Grace wandered up the beach about a mile until they came upon a little stream flowing out of a cave. The place being very picturesque they decided to sit down on some large rocks which were near at hand, to rest. Wadson selected a large rock underneath a large oak tree, and upon this Grace sat, resting her back upon the trunk of the great oak, while Wadson seated himself beside her on the ground.

They sat thus for a long time, Grace staring out over the sea,

while Wadson sat and gazed on her, neither speaking, and then Grace asked, "Where are you going to spend the winter?" Tom did not seem to hear, and she repeated her question, at which he gave a little jump as one awakened from a dream, and replied, "I beg your pardon, Grace, but did you speak to me?"

"Yes," she replied, "I asked where you were going to spend the winter."

"I really don't know, but I am very much afraid business will take me out west, I may have to go any day."

"Oh! I am so sorry, I thought I would see something of you, it has been so good to be with you again."

I am sorry also, Grace, but if I can possibly arrange to stay in New York, I will certainly try to see a great deal of you."

Again neither spoke for some time. Then as it was growing late they strolled back to the hotel very slowly. Dinner was awaiting them, and right after dinner, they all started to return home. Wadson and Grace walked their horses very slowly and when they reached home it was nearly dark.

Having helped her to dismount, and having handed the horses over to the groom who was waiting, they entered the house and as they did so the butler handed Wadson a telegram, which he tore open hastily and read. "Come at once, start for California, Monday." It was signed by the head of his firm.

He stood motionless for a few minutes and then Grace asked, "What is the trouble, Tom?" For reply he handed her the telegram, which she read, but neither could speak, and they parted to prepare for dinner.

After dinner Wadson and Grace

took their usual evening stroll and when they returned they found the other guests playing Bridge.

As the sitting room was empty they entered and drew chairs close to the fire, neither seemed to care very much about talking and the greater part of the evening was spent in thought.

At last Grace broke the silence, and laying her hand on Tom's arm, said, "Tom how long will you be out in that lonely land?"

"I expect to be gone about six months, Grace, but I will write you often and when I return I want—"

"Yes, please write, but six months is so awfully long to be away from you!"

"Yes, dear, it is long," and taking both of her hands in his, he said, "But why wait six months, sweetheart, come with me, will you please!"

"No, Tom, I can't, but may be when you return—"

"Sweetheart, please come, you know I love you, Grace, I always have, and if it had not been for the death of my mother two years ago, you would have been my wife now! Grace, will you come, darling, will you come please?"

She looked up into his eyes and answered, "Yes, boy, I will." He leaned over and kissed her and they sat in silence for a long while.

At last Tom said, "Darling we can be married tomorrow after church and tomorrow night we must leave for New York."

Grace made no reply, but nestled close to him, and they remained silently thus until late that night. As he said good night to her he kissed her and went off to find his host, to tell him of his departure on the morrow and of the wedding, which he asked to be kept quiet until after the ceremony had taken place.

So on the next day they were

quietly married at the village church and returned to "The Poplars" man and wife.

Of course every one was told of the marriage and of the departure in the evening, and amid hearty congratulations and best wishes they departed.

C. S. R. '09.

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## AN EVENING WITH WHITTIER.

---

The students of Dummer Academy and many people of the surrounding neighborhood were given a treat on Friday, February 7th, in the form of a lecture given by Dr. Herbert Lombard. His talk on Whittier was accompanied by stereopticon views, which were in turn managed very excellently by Mr. Joseph Dummer. The views were principally of Whittier's home and of the haunts and scenes of his childhood. Most of us know that these interesting places, such as his home and the familiar village blacksmith shop, are in our immediate neighborhood; many, however, who have passed these scenes with only a casual glance, will next time study them with greater care, as Mr. Lombard's talk made a strong impression on all his hearers.

We hope to have the opportunity of listening to Mr. Lombard again soon.

---

Mr. Countryman (during study hour)—The next person who speaks will report to the Doctor, silence, then.

Ambrose—Caesar—

Robson—Who, Violet, Miss Dawson or Lu?

Mr. Countryman—Robson report to the doctor and tell him you refused to talk when I told you not to.





# THE ARCHON

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FEBRUARY-MARCH, 1908.

It is our ambition not only to  
keep up the standard of the school  
paper but also to better it. In order

to do this we must have the help of  
every student in school, no one ex-  
cepted. As it stands at present  
both the responsibility of manage-  
ing the different parts of the paper,  
and the writing of the material it-  
self, falls almost entirely upon the  
editorial staff. We have discovered  
that many of the students, who  
have professed inability to write are  
mistaken, for in running over some  
of the English themes we have  
found many excellent compositions  
written by non-contributors. We  
see no reason for this modest back-  
wardness among a certain few of  
the fellows. They do not take an  
interest in the making of the Ar-  
chon and yet they appreciate the  
benefit the school and public derives  
from it.

Our advertisers and subscribers  
may well be thanked for the aid  
they have given us. In speaking to  
our advertisers, we wish to remind  
them that although their advertis-  
ing may not bring immediate results  
they will be rewarded amply before  
long. Give the students a chance  
to find out who they are and pur-  
chases will soon follow!

The following men have won football sweaters and have the right to wear a "D." Collins, H. Rogers, Almy, Johnson, Blake, Caldwell, Banks, Carver (Capt.), Hilton, Robson, Jordan, Jewett.

---

Much credit is due to Harry Hilton for the efficient way in which he managed the sweater problem. Our football rewards were late in arriving but he was in no way at fault for the tardiness. In consequence of his ability in this line, thirteen fellows are now wearing very handsome sweater vests, the reward for their unfailing work during the fall. Let these trophies serve to arouse enthusiasm for next year's season.

By the marks of the last rating it is shown that the fellows as a whole have done some very good work. As is always the case, a certain few stand out beyond the others. Five fellows have made what is known as the honor roll and we print their names in the order of their relative standings.

Lawrence Rogers.  
Ledyard Blake.  
David Caldwell.  
Ernest Carver.  
Dana Jewett.

The rest of the school should not be content to let the laurels be held by these five for all time. "Buck up" fellows and see if you can't beat them out next month! The honor roll men themselves should not be entirely satisfied with their standings but should try and better them. This is always possible.





We are glad to hear that Harry and Aldrich are very discreet before entering D e t r mansion.

Jewett, under excellent instruction, is becoming very proficient in the art of dancing.

Dr.—“What are you kicking that door for, young man?”

Mitchel. “I was only kicking it with the palm of my foot.”

Jordan and Carver, like babes in the dark, were unable to find their way about Boston. They missed their train, consequently arriving late for the game with Allan School.

Jim Sleeper has acquired the habit of giving many fatherly talks to the students of late. One may derive much knowledge from these afternoon and evening sermons.

It is rumored that “Piggy Hanson” uses peroxide on his hair.

A secret society called “The Night Hawks” has lately been formed, Marr is recognized as the leader.

(Bystander to Mr. Countryman, who was about to climb a rope.)

“You go as high as you can and then I’ll beat you.”

(Jim Sleeper who was sitting on top of the beam from which the rope was hanging).

“Perhaps, but I’ll beat you all the way down.”

Hilton and Ray seem to be the only fellows keeping up Dummer’s social standing with the Newburyport girls.

“What’s the matter, fellows?”

Zeke Ambrose has been voted the schools’ “Mrs. Malleprop.”

Our new students, Ray and Oliver, are greeted with pleasure. Although formerly belonging to the rival preparatory schools, Andover and Exeter, they seem to be the best of friends and also to be enjoying Dummer Academy as a school.

Who says Jewett isn’t the coming pool shark.

Preston is still talking about his experiences.

We have among us Francis Parkman Oliver of Niagara Falls, N. Y., and Aldrich A. Ray of Buffalo, N. Y. Other new arrivals are: B. H. Childs, Chicago, Ill.; H. and R. Holden, Canton, O.; S. S. Kwan and L. Sun, from Tientsen, China. Welcome, fellow students!

### WANTED TO KNOW.

Who took the hands off the clock in Sargent Hall?

Who broke the electric lights in the Commons?

Why Mr. Countryman threw the alarm clock out of the window?

Why Newburyport has no theatre?

Who receives the greater quantity of mail, Mr. Countryman or Robson?

Why every one is building a cozy corner?

Why the dance didn't come off?

### JOKES

Oliver (to Mr. Coburn)—What does champagne come from?

Mr. Coburn—A bottle, I *believe*.

Preston—My father weighed 250 pounds.

Mitchell—Gee! Our kitchen stove only weighs 200 pounds.

Mitchell — Say, fellows come quick, I've got some mice.

Ambrose (appearing on the scene)—“Look. There is a mice.

The case of Mr. Countryman and the alarm clock is considered the joke of the year.

A is for Almy, who always is late,  
B stands for breakfast, where lies vacant his plate.

C is for Carver so husky and strong, while

D stands for Dummer the land of our song.

E is for English a graft so they say.

F is for French, oh! my what a day.

G is for Grub which is very scarce.

H is for Hilton the head of his class.

I is for Irving whose word is “Sir.”

J is for Jewett, Mr. Countryman's burr.

K is for kiss, one of Preston's desires.

L is for Lovett, whom much he admires.

M is for Mitchel, a young little lad,

N is for noise, which makes his heart glad.

O is for Oliver, our best natured fellow.

P is for Preston, who always does bellow.

Q is for quarantine, a ten days delight,

R is for Robson the cause of the fright.

S is for Sleeper, the jack of all trades.

T is for trouble, caused every few days.

U is for us, who may think we're great.

V is for Vanity, Coburn's great trait.

W is for Welch, the beau of the Port,

X for example, which he sets as a sport.

Y stand for your truly, which we remain,

Z is the end of our poor refrain.





Mr. Edward Shuttleworth, an '02 graduate of Dummer Academy, visited the school a short time ago. While at Dummer he took part in every branch of athletics, making his "D" in every department. On leaving Dummer he went to Bowdoin College, from which he graduated in '06. He arrived at Dummer in an automobile looking very well and prosperous. We learn from him that he is now learning the mill business at Lawrence, his home town.

Nathaniel Ambrose, son of the president of the trustees of Dummer Academy, is now at Phillips-Andover Academy. He was very prominent in many ways when at Dummer.

Arthur Lannigan, a former Dummer student, is now at Concord school. He was in our neighborhood on Washington's birthday.

Charles Alexander, one of the old timers, is now making a success in the electrical business in Lawrence.

#### BASE BALL.

Manager Robson is arranging a very attractive baseball schedule, and to date the following games have been booked:

April 11. Andover at Andover. (Pending).

April 15. Open.

April 18. Amesbury at Dummer.

April 22. Newburyport High at Newburyport.

April 25. Haverhill High at Haverhill.

April 27. Allen School at West Newton.

April 29. Open.

May 2. Open.

May 6. Newburyport High at Dummer.

May 9. Open.

May 13. Amesbury High at Amesbury.

May 16. Pinkerton Academy at Derry.

May 20. Open.

May 23. Lawrence Academy at Groton. (Pending).

May 27. Open.

May 30. Burdette College at Dummer.

June 3. Pinkerton Academy at Dummer.

Indoor practice has started and the batteries are rapidly developing form which should class the team well up among prep. school teams.

#### DUMMER VICTORIOUS OVER PERLEY SCHOOL.

The last basket ball game played before Xmas vacation was with Perley Free School at Georgetown. Their hall was small and there were no backboards to the baskets. Capt. Hilton played his usual steady game at forward. Caldwell had his eye on the basket and shot most goals for Dummer. The rest of the team put up a hard, speedy game. For Perley Free, Carleton and McDougall excelled. The final score was 24-14.

#### LINE UP.

DUMMER 24.	PERLEY 14.
Hilton, left forward,	McDougall
Carver, right forward,	Carleton
Caldwell, center,	Gifford
Johnson,	
Robson, left guard,	Bailey
Jordan,	
Banks, right guard,	Curley



## DUMMER DEFEATS AMESBURY.

On January 3d, Amesbury Y. M. C. A. lost to Dummer at Dummer, 37-9. The entire Dummer team played a fast, snappy game throughout. Hilton shot baskets almost at will, making several very difficult shots. Dummer used only five men. Carver also played an excellent game, his passing and shooting being of the best kind. McDougall and Currier showed up best for the visiting team.

DUMMER. AMESBURY Y. M. C. A.  
 Hilton, left forward, Ross  
 Carver, right forward, Brown  
 Caldwell, center, McDougall  
 Johnson, left guard, Currier  
 Jordan, right forward, Sargent

## DUMMER AND MYOPIA TIE.

On January 8th, Dummer met the strong Myopia team at home. Caldwell in the first half broke a finger, but grittily finished out the game. Carver also had hard luck, spraining his thumb, but also finished the game. At the end of the first half the score stood 18 to 8 in Dummer's favor, but in the second half, with two of our best men disabled, the team lost courage somewhat and allowed the game to be tied; the final score being 20-20.

DUMMER. LINE UP.  
 Carver, Right forward  
 Hilton, Left forward  
 Caldwell, Center  
 Banks,  
 Jordan, Right guard  
 Johnson,  
 Robson, Left guard

## DUMMER DEFEATED BY GLOUCESTER.

Gloucester journeyed to Dummer on January 11th, and after a hard game, gave Dummer her first defeat of the season. Caldwell was out of the game and Carver in the first few minutes of play had an eye injured, which obliged him to retire for the remainder of the game. With two substitutes in, Robson for Caldwell, and Banks for Carver, the

team managed to keep the score 10-10 in first half, but in the second half, as in the Myopia game, the team shot wildly, and the game ended with the score 23-13 in favor of Gloucester. The feature of the game was the splendid refereeing of the Gloucester coach.

## AMESBURY VICTORIOUS OVER DUMMER.

The team next went to Amesbury, and were defeated in a game which lacked interest by the score of 10-5. The baskets were placed in such a way between window-sills that it was next to impossible for a visiting team, who had not practiced with the basket, to make a goal. Blake was the only Dummer player to get a basket; while Hilton threw three baskets from fouls. The Amesbury team was a different one from the first team which we played.

DUMMER. AMESBURY.  
 Hilton, left forward, P. Currier  
 Carver, right forward, Feltham  
 Blake, centre, H. Currier  
 Jordan, left guard, McDougall  
 Johnson, right guard, Sargent

## DUMMER DEFEATS HAVERHILL METEORS.

On Saturday, February 15th, the Haverhill Meteors came to Dummer and were defeated by our team, 30-10. They were confident of winning, as they sent us a postal to that effect. Capt. Hilton had his eye on the basket, and threw ten baskets in the second half. Carver was also responsible for some of the baskets because of his excellent passing to Hilton. Carver threw the most sensational basket of the year.

DUMMER. METEORS.  
 Hilton, left forward, Carleton  
 Banks, right forward, McDougall  
 Carver,  
 Caldwell, center, Heffernan  
 Robson,  
 Jordan, right guard, Gurley  
 Johnson, left guard, McAefferey



### PROF. GRAVES' LECTURE ON FORESTRY.

On Wednesday morning, February fifth, we had the pleasure of listening to Professor Graves, of the Yale Forestry School. It was an extremely interesting lecture on the subject of "forestry." In the course of his talk he gave an outline of the work which is at present being accomplished by the United States government in its reserves.

Prof. Graves said that the private lumber companies were those who were mostly to blame for the destruction of our forests, his reason being that they cut their lumber without the least thought of arranging for a second growth. He asserted that when tracts of land were treated in this manner and swept by forest fires, they became practically waste land, and of no value; and furthermore that the aim of forestry was to preserve our timber, and also to prepare for a second growth after the first cutting.

Prof. Graves expressed it as his opinion that if the present rate of wasting lumber was continued, it would not be long before wood

would become of great scarcity in this country. However, he continued, if the right methods for its growth and preservation were carried out, there should be no need for fearing this calamity.

He brought out the fact that wood and forest products were needed in almost every business, for instance in paper manufacturing, building, in the manufacture of clocks, and in some department of most every business known. For this reason, among many others, it would mean much to every one if the wood supply were exhausted.

Forestry, said Prof. Graves, was a new profession in this country and offered fine openings to a man who enjoys a free, outdoor life in the woods. He also affirmed that it was a profession which required much study in order to make it a successful life's work. He told us that there was a far greater demand for men than could possibly be filled by the graduates of the forest schools, and for this reason one had a far better opportunity in forestry than in a business full of competition. May we have more of these beneficial talks in the future!



## ALUMNI



Quite a number of '07 have visited the school recently, coming from points at wide intervals to re-visit their old haunts.

George H. Croston, who was the able and efficient business manager of the Archon last season, dropped in when at home from Cornell at Xmas. George is looking well and working hard; he is trying for the "Cornell Widow" and should win if his work here is any criterion.

Mosely of the same class saw the old year out in Newburyport; he finds Brown University very enjoyable but is about decided to go at once into business.

Ingalls, '07 with Chapman, '07 and K. Holbrook now of the Volkmann school, dropped in for an hour recently.

Blodgette is still chasing news; he is in North Adams at work on a local paper.

Caldwell is in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and prospering, so we are told.

Nat Ambrose is an Andover preparing to enter the Sophomore class at Amherst in June next.

A. Ceby who was here last year is now teaching a school.

Harvey Winch, '99, has a son who will enter Dummer, by and by.

Eric Ambrose of the present senior class at the Academy has a father, brother and a sister who all graduated at Dummer; Mr. Ambrose is the president of the Board of Trustees.

President John C. Ingalls, '07, is busy making preparations for a reunion of the class of 1907 in Boston. This will take place during the Easter holidays.

In the Mansion House there is a book on which all the visitors of the Academy are requested to register. It is earnestly hoped that a large number of the alumni names, with class numerals attached, will appear on it this year. Dummer always welcomes visitors and especially the alumni.

Arthur H. Cole, Donald Redfern and Gardner Sanford of the 1907 class are taking advance courses at Bowdoin college, Me. They have recently joined the Eta Chapter of Psi Upsilon Fraternity.

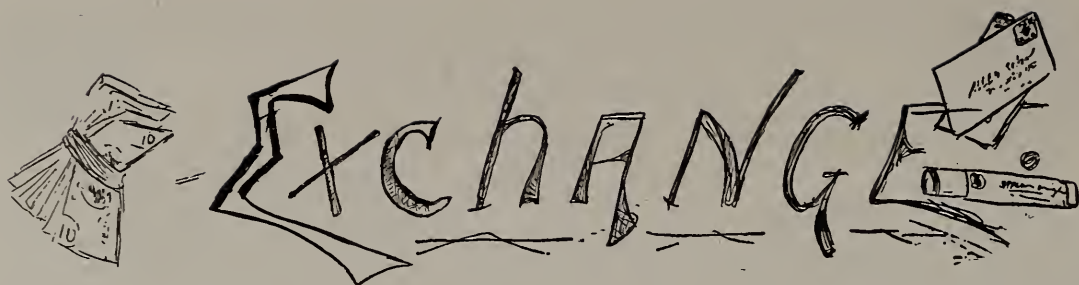
Mr. Dole, '49 of Haverhill, Mass. is still active in the affairs of his city and also very much interested in the welfare of the academy.

We are anxiously awaiting the long promised visit of Mr. John C. Mordough, '59, of Mexico City. Mr. Mordough was under Master Hershaw. After leaving Dummer, he took part in the Civil War and later distinguished himself in business enterprises of Mexico city.

Each member of the 1907 graduating class is cordially invited to join "Sons of Dummer", if he has not done so already. The sum is \$1.00 payable to Mr. Joseph Dummer of Rowley.

The Alumni certainly deserve much credit for the support which they gave the "Archon" last year. We sincerely hope that they will not forget us this year.





The Milton, Orange and Blue is a very up-to-date paper and appears to be managed by an able staff.

The January number of the Lowell High School Review although containing good material would be greatly improved by a more artistic cover.

We advise the editors of the Concord High School Voice that they should place cuts in their paper. This would greatly add to its appearance.

Among the exchanges received this month is the Lariat, published by the Cheyenne Public schools, Colorado. It is a paper of high standard. Milton, Orange, and Blue, Milton, Mass.; Review, Lowell, Mass.; Herald, Holyoke, Mass.; Garnet and Blue, Wilbraham, Mass. Item, Dorchester, Mass.; Calendar, Buffalo, N. Y.; Drury Academe, North Adams, Mass.; High School Record, Pottstown, Pa.; New Trier Echoes, Vinnetka, Ill.; La Plume, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Helios, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Humstrum, Canobie Lake, N. H.; Stylus, Taunton, Mass.; Maverick, Bryan, Texas; The Tattler, Nashua, N. H.; Bulletin, Lawrence, Mass.; Aegis, Beverly, Mass.; Review, Omaha, Nebraska; Voice, Concord, Mass.; High School Life, Melrose, Mass.; Grevlock Echo, Adams, Mass.; College Signal, Amherst, Mass.

First Proud Parent—My son is very literary; he writes for money and pays all his college expenses by doing it.

Second Proud Parent—So does mine. In every letter.

—*Cornell Widow.*

Sticky-faced Urchin—If I'd knowed yer wanted de rind, teacher, I'd have saved it for yer, but Bill sez he wanted it to shoot it at yer wid his rubber. Dere's a piece of de orange in my pocket, if dat'll do.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Student—All I did, your honor, was to pound him a couple of times.

Judge—Ten dollars a pound. Next!

—*Cornell Widow.*

There was a Freshman named Caryl Who wore the most startling ap-paryl

So they stripped off his clothes From his head to his toes

And they sent him home in a baryl.

—*Columbia Jester.*

Back street,  
Banana peel;  
Fat man,  
Virginia reel.

—*Ex.*

#### COULDN'T GET AWAY.

(Voice from outside hotel room door)—“I say, the gas is escaping in there!”

Farmer Giles—“No, it ain't; I locked the door.”

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